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Imperfect.

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Chapter 1 by khushboo

I could see it in his eyes. The warmth of my love. But I wasn't sure whether he wanted to take what all I was anxious to give. I wasn't his type. Too bold, too beautiful, too particular and most importantly, too PERFECT. Rather, I was exactly the opposite. An ever-confused, shy, messy and an average looking girl. Actually, I was not the 'girl-type'. I didn't knew how eat, dress or talk properly. I didn't put on perfect makeup for my face. A tee and loose fit jeans was my all time favorite. I didn't had the perfect face, hair or body. Like them, every other girl of our class. I still remember the day, three years from today. The first day of eleventh grade in high school-or probably last two years together. But I was sure about wanting to make him my friend by the end of the day.

"Go sit there" said my teacher as I was totally new in the class and there was no other place left but besides him.

"Okay then, let's give it a try" I said to myself as this was going to be my very first experience sitting beside a boy in whole damn life(I donno why I preferred not to sit with boys!)!

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8 (1 draft)

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